And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnstayn'd wife to my sweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merrie, giue consent,
To marrie *Paris*: wensday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurse lye with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,
When presently through all thy veines shall runne,
A cold and drowsie humour: for no pulse
Shall keepe his natiue progresse but surcease
No warmth, no breath shall testifie thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
Too paly ashes, the eyes windowes fall:
Like death when he shuts vp the day of life
Each part depriu'd of supple gouernment,
Shall stiffe and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likenesse of shrunke death
Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy best Robes vncouerd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy Kindreds graue:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the Kindred of the *Capulets* lye,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iu. Giue me, giue me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolue, ile send a *Fri*
To *Mantua* with my Letters
Iu. Loue giue me streng
Farewell deare Father.
Enter Father Capule
uingmen,
Ca. So many guests inuite
Sirrah, goe hire me twentie c
Ser. You shall haue none
their fingers.
Ca. How canst thou try t
Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill
fingers: therefore he that can
me.
Ca. Goe be gone, we shal
what is my daughter gone to
Nur. I forsooth.
Ca. Well he may chance
A peeuish selfe-will'd Harlot
Ent
Nur. See where she come
Ca. How now my head-s
ding?
Iu. Where I haue learnt t
Of disobedient opposition,
To you and your behests, and
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall pro
To begge your pardon, parde
Henceforward I am euer ruld
Ca. Send for the Countie,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to n
Iu. I met the youthfull Lo
And gaue him what becomme
Not stepping ore the bounds
Ca. Why I am glad on't, th
This is as't should be, let me
I marrie, goe I say, and fetch h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34